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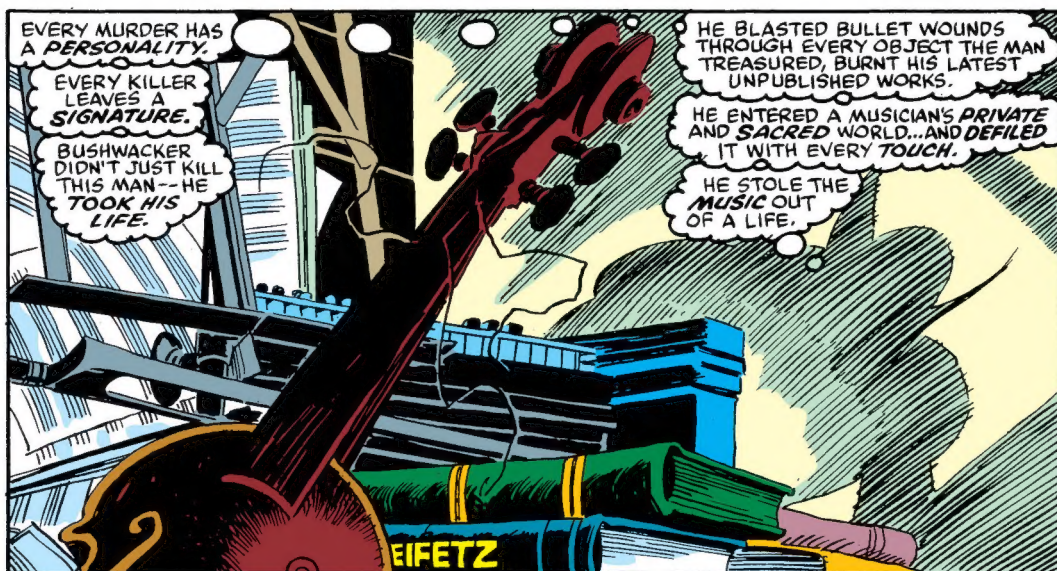
# DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

VS.  
**WOLVERINE!**  
TM

LEONARDI  
(AND)  
GILBAYEN





EVERY MURDER HAS A *PERSONALITY*.

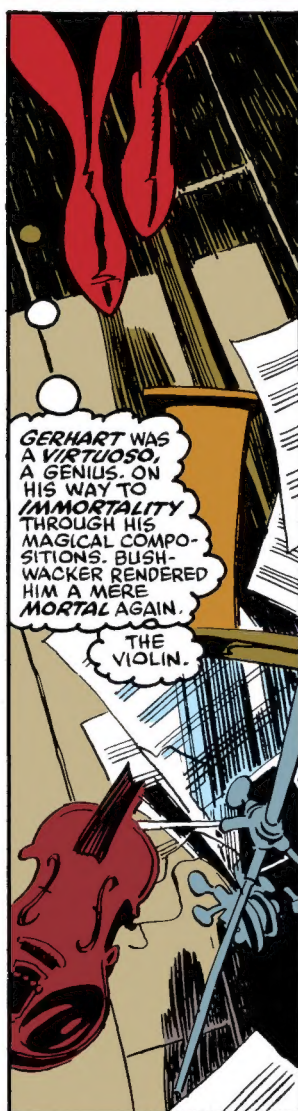
EVERY KILLER LEAVES A *SIGNATURE*.

BUSHWACKER DIDN'T JUST KILL THIS MAN-- HE *TOOK HIS LIFE*.

HE BLASTED BULLET WOUNDS THROUGH EVERY OBJECT THE MAN TREASURED, BURNT HIS LATEST UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

HE ENTERED A MUSICIAN'S *PRIVATE* AND *SACRED* WORLD...AND *DEFILED* IT WITH EVERY *TOUCH*.

HE STOLE THE *MUSIC* OUT OF A LIFE.



GERHART WAS A *VIRTUOSO*, A GENIUS. ON HIS WAY TO *IMMORTALITY* THROUGH HIS MAGICAL COMPOSITIONS, BUSHWACKER RENDERED HIM A MERE *MORTAL* AGAIN.

THE *VIOLIN*.



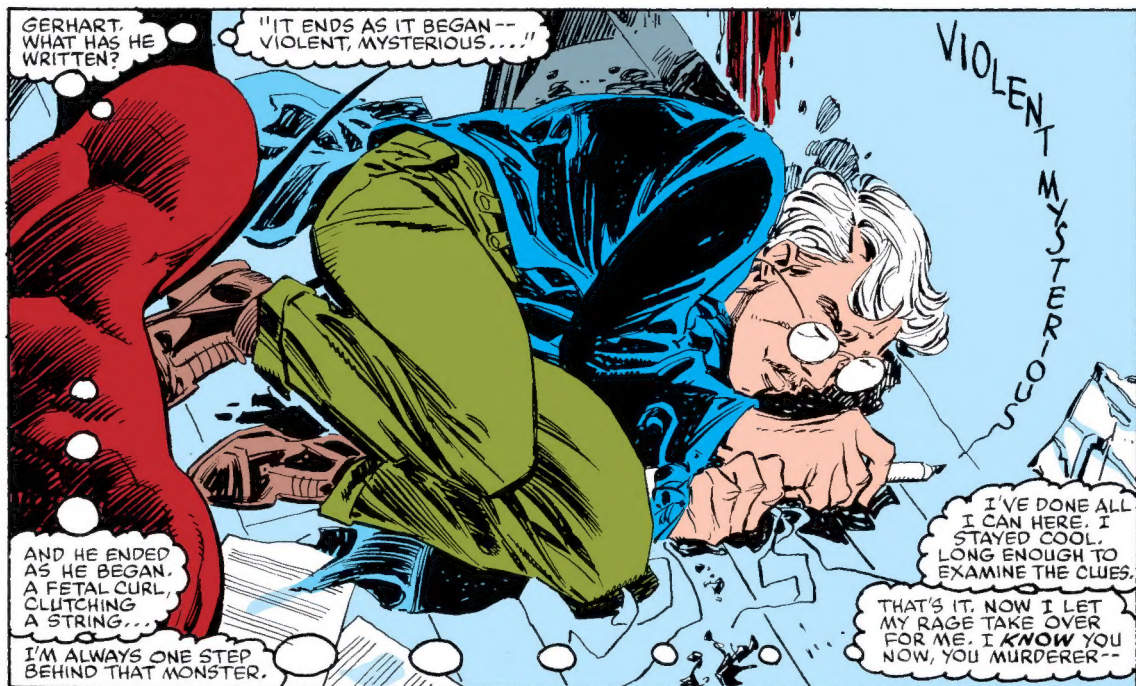
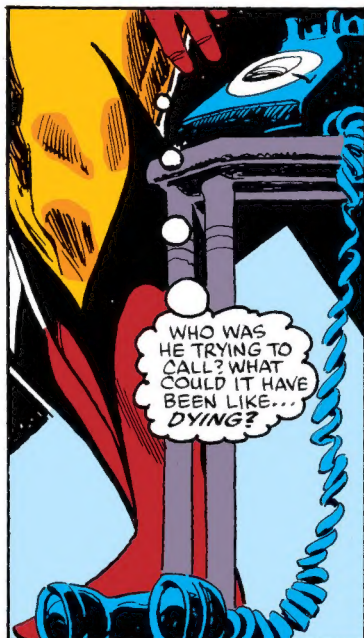
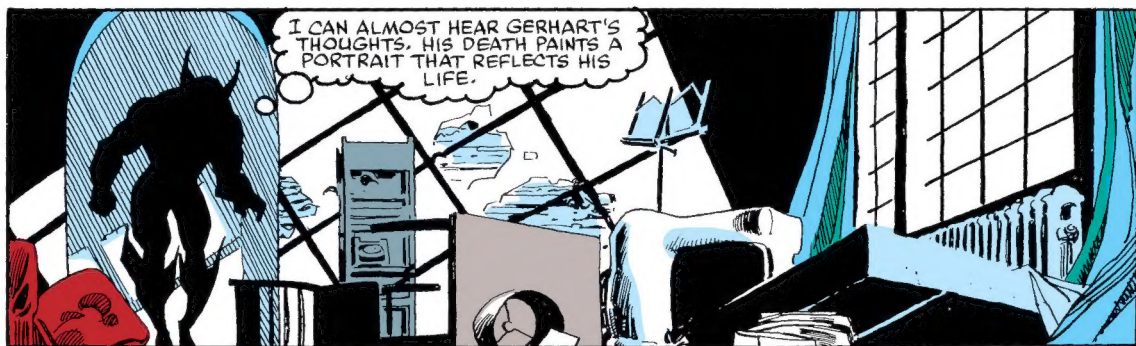
BROKE ITS NECK, SEVERED ITS STRINGS, AS RAVAGED AS ITS MASTER.

LOOKS LIKE GERHART WAS DESPERATELY TRYING TO RE-WRITE THE SONGS THAT WERE DESTROYED, EVEN AS HE WAS DYING, WERE HIS LAST THOUGHTS AT LEAST HIS OWN MELODIES?



BUSHWACKER DOESN'T JUST KILL MUTANTS, IT IS AS IT WAS IN STALIN'S RUSSIA AND MAO'S CHINA-- BUSHWACKER KILLS THE MOST *TALENTED* AND *CREATIVE* OF MUTANTS. HE'S KILLING OUR *GENIUSES*.









STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# KISS & KILL!

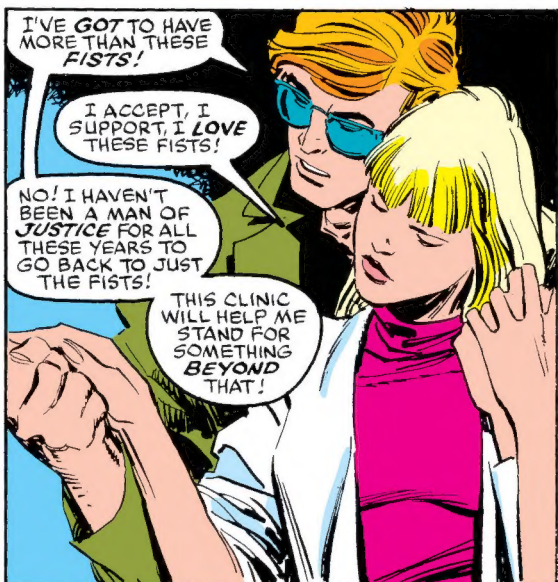
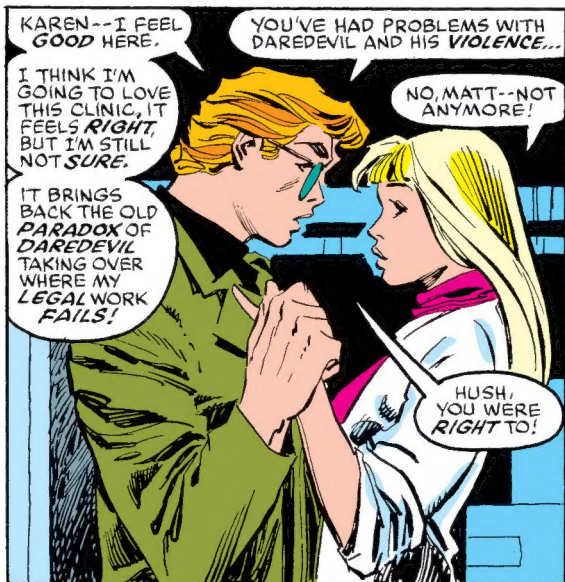
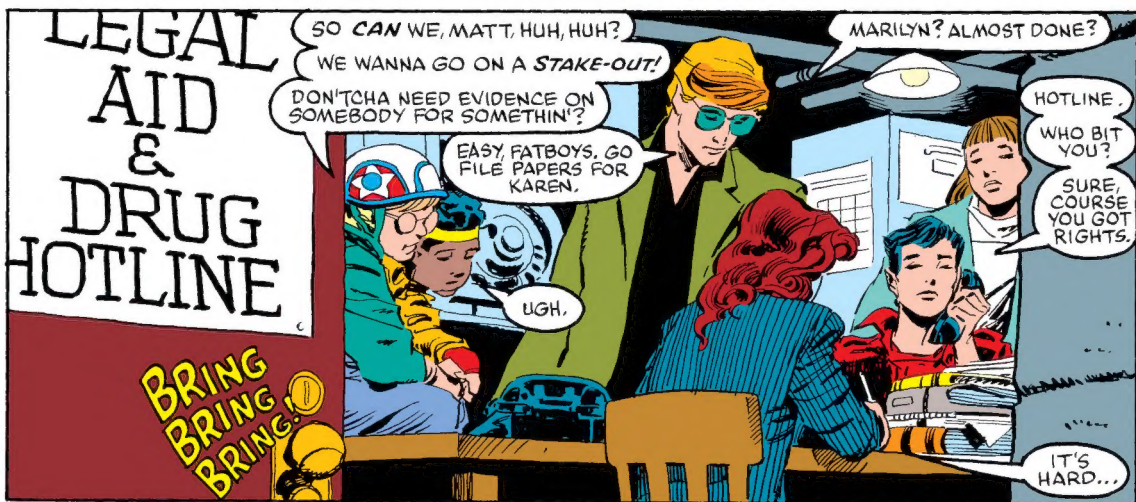
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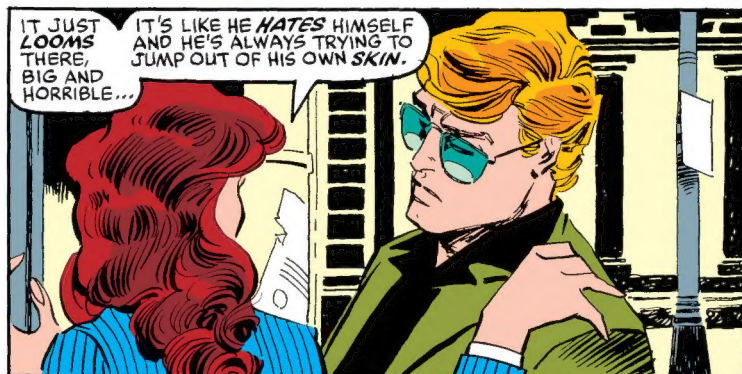
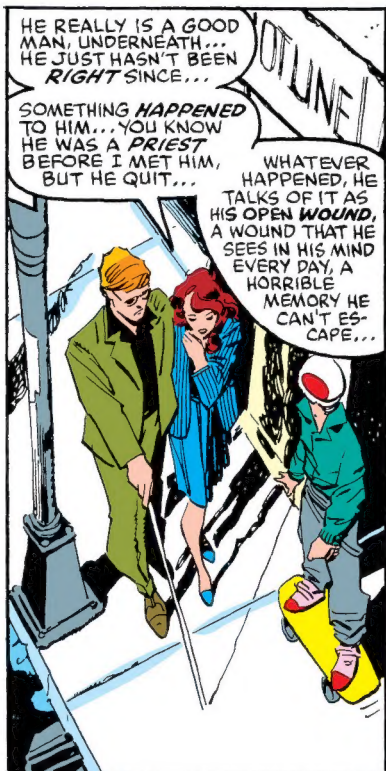
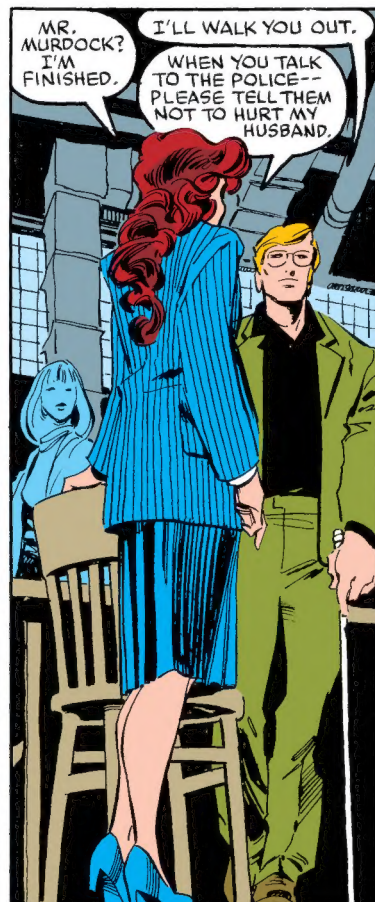
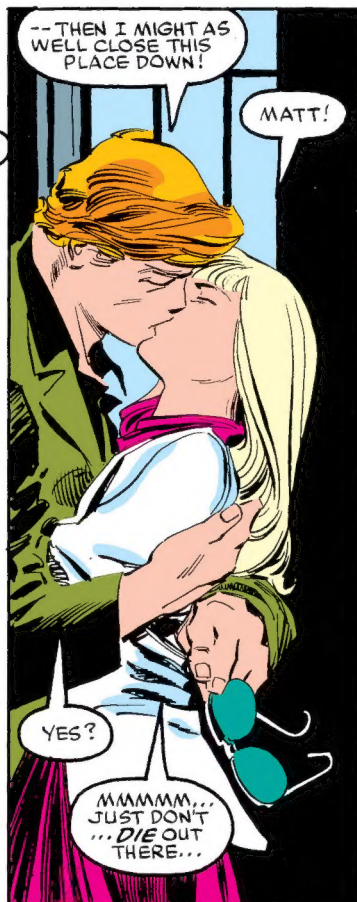
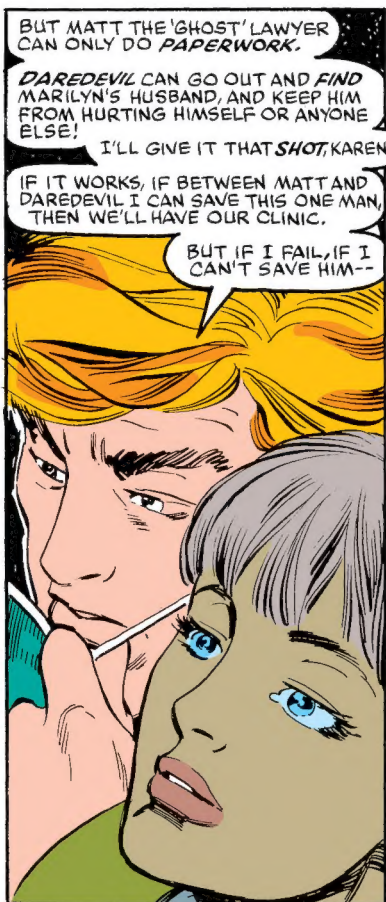
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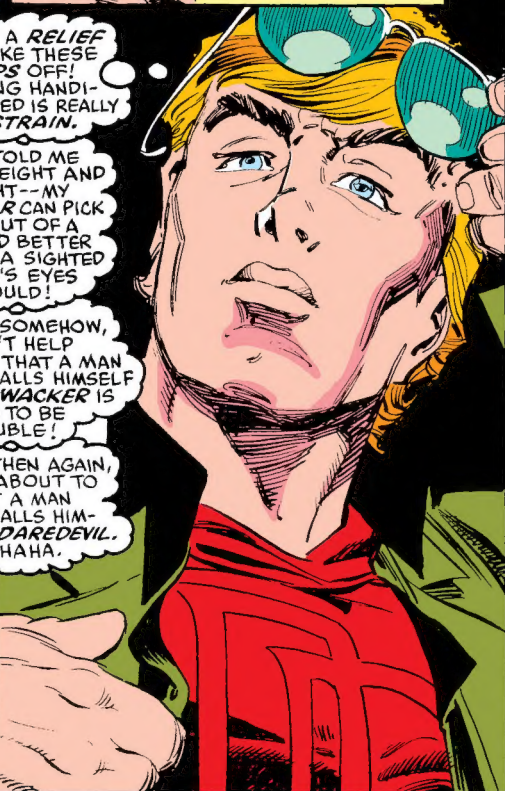
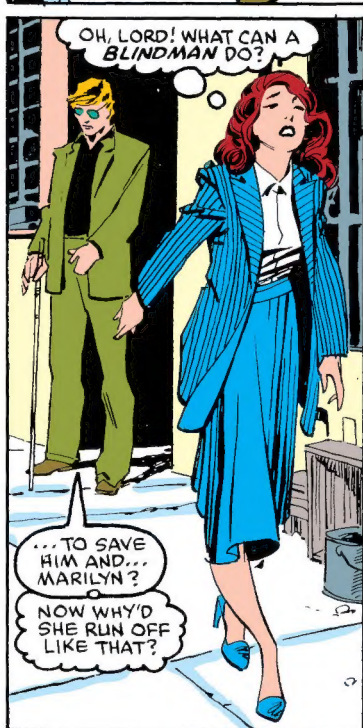
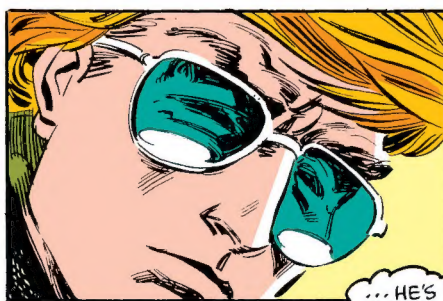
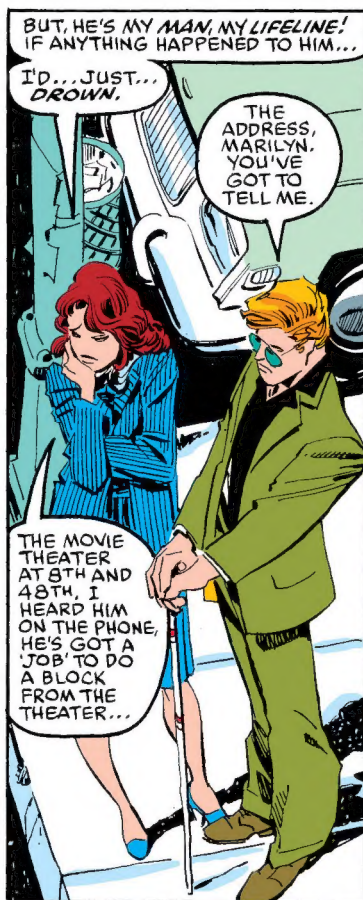




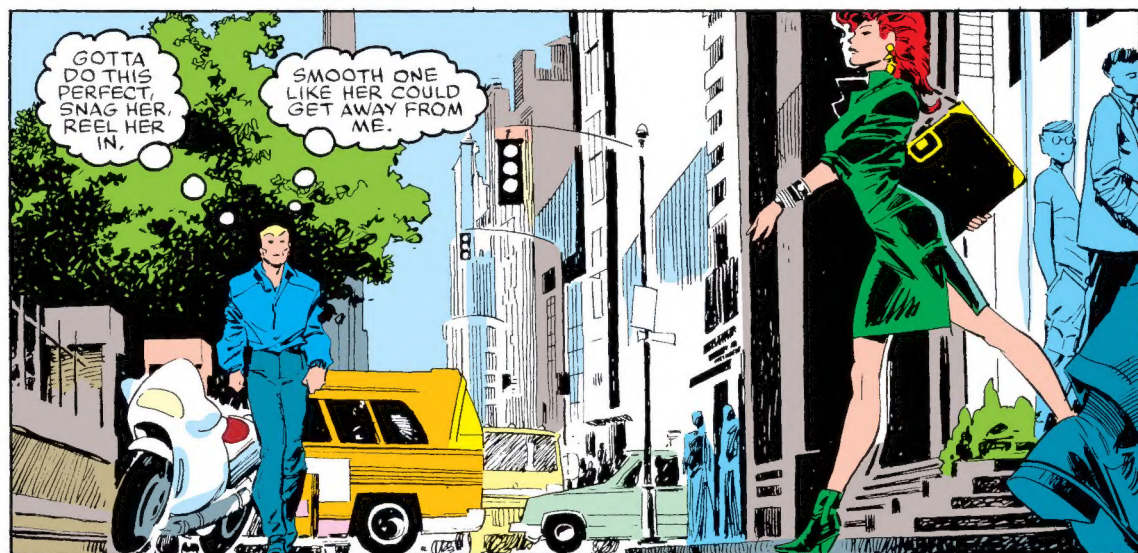
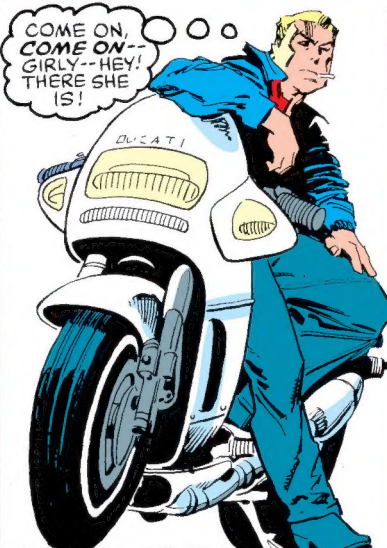
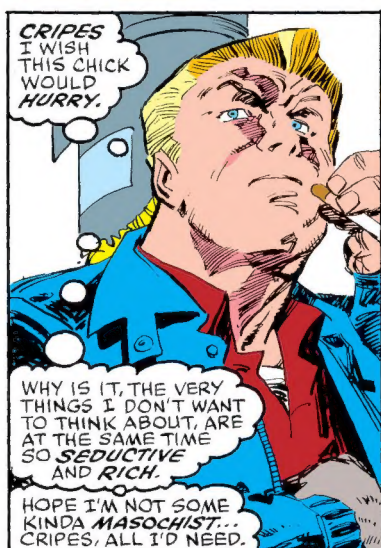
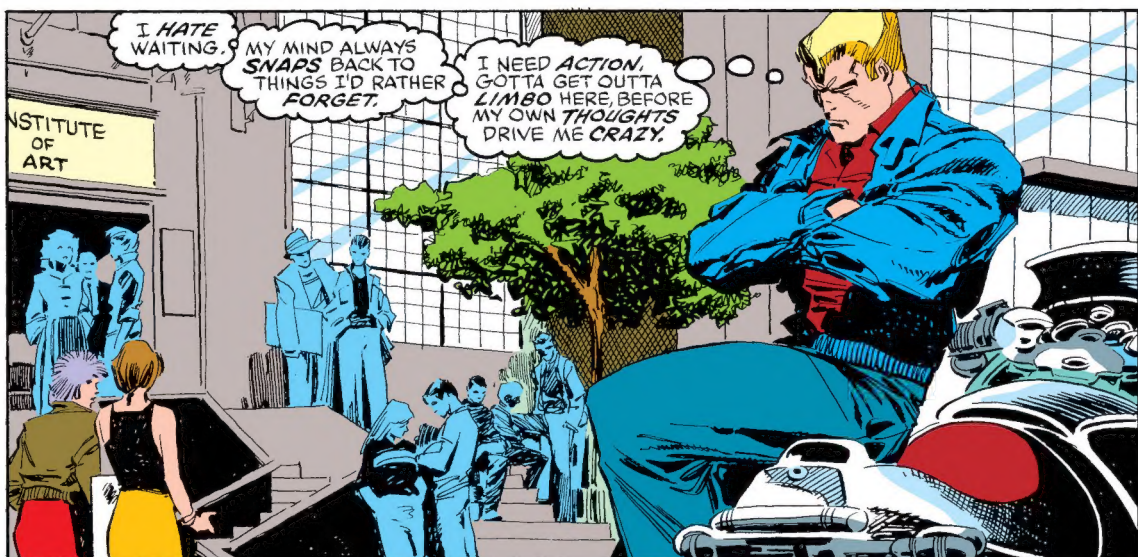




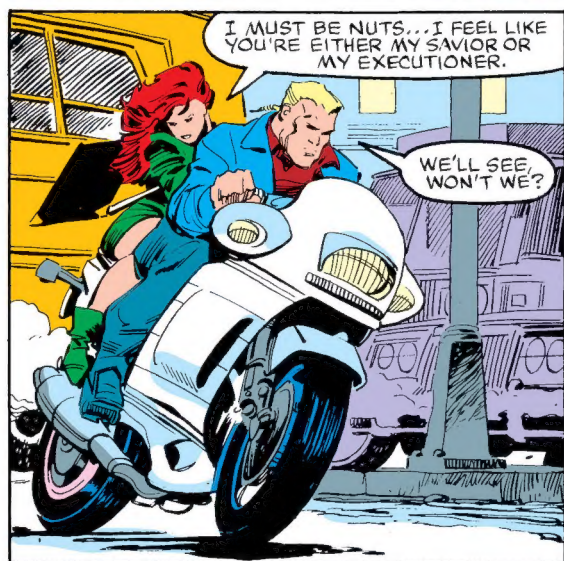
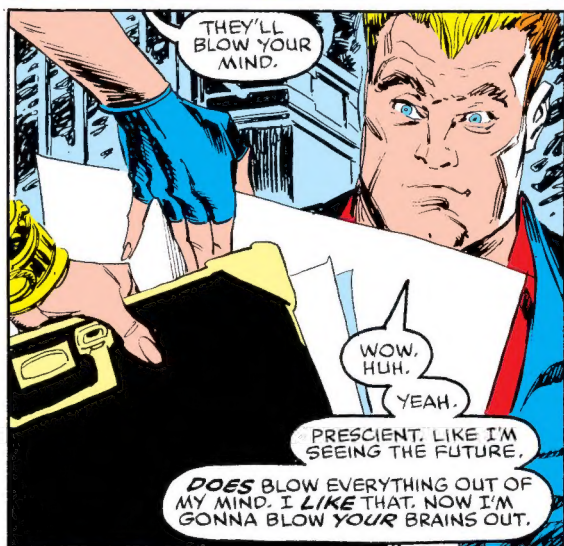
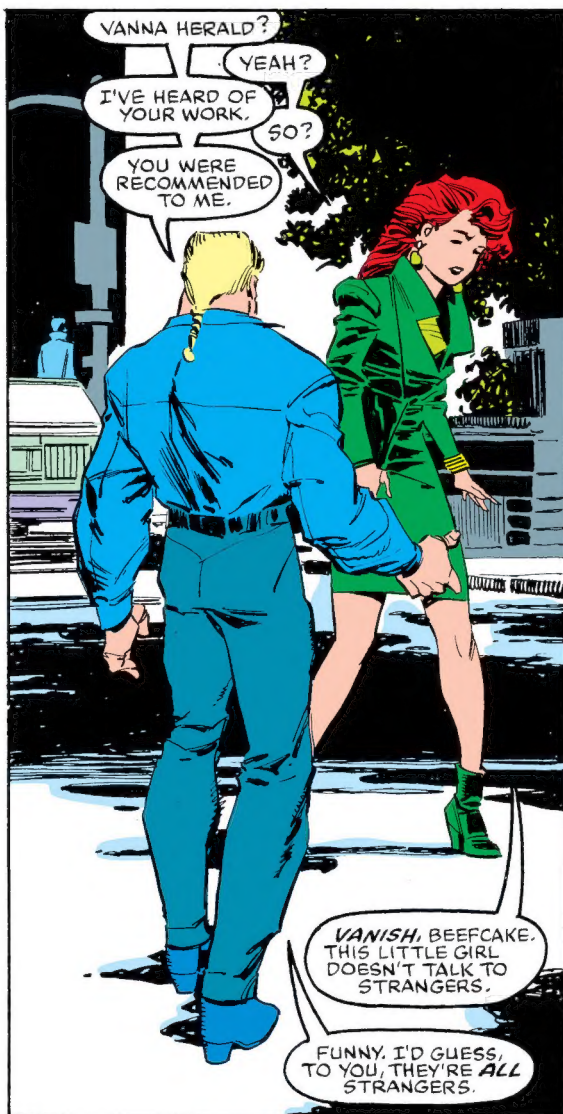




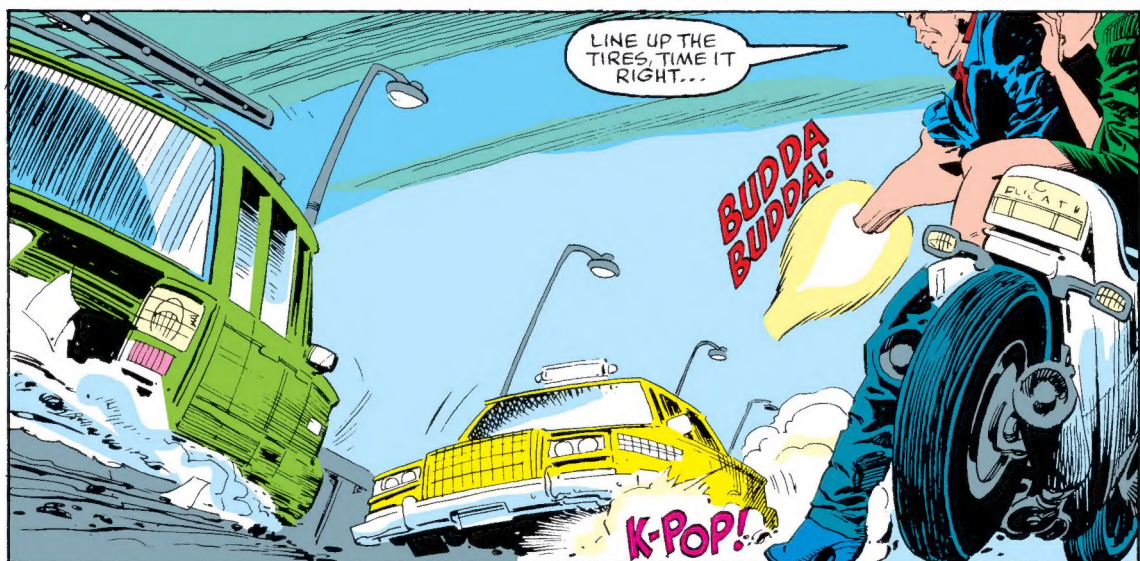
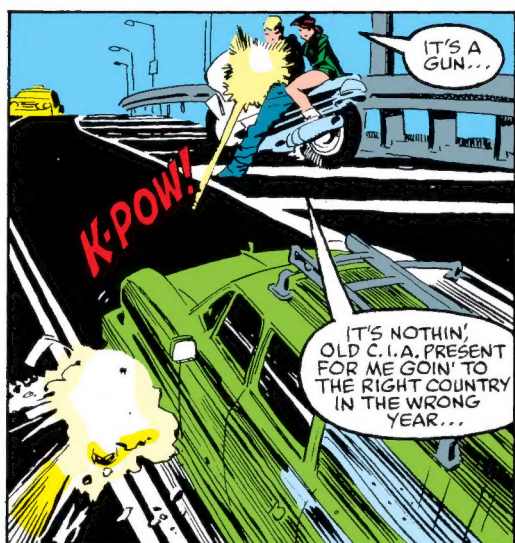
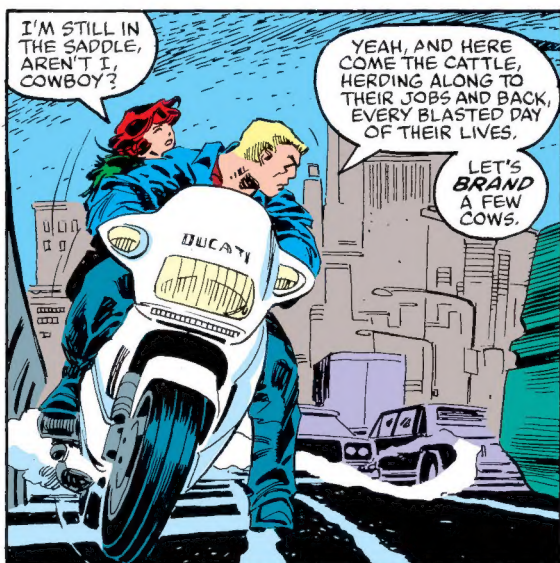




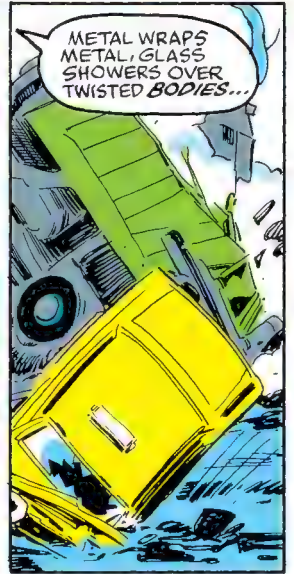
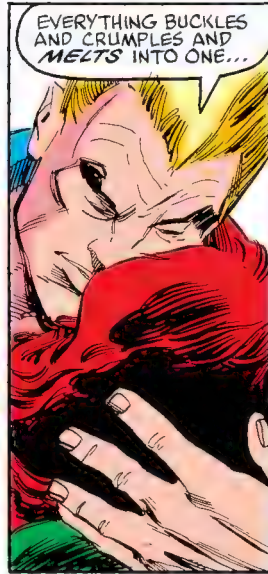
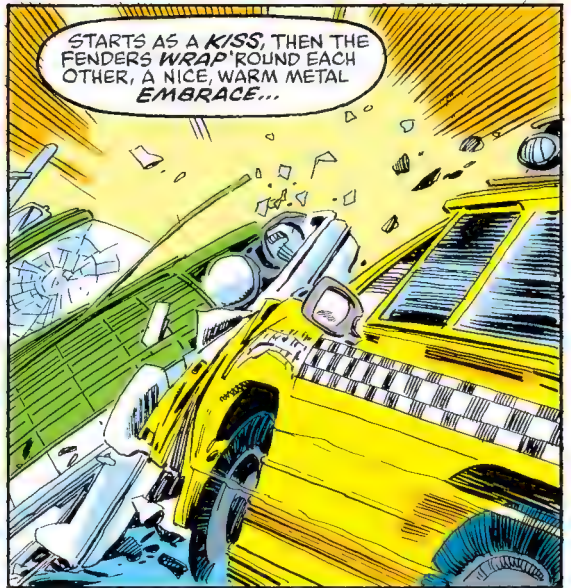
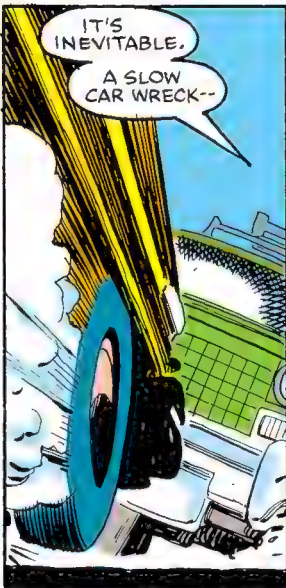




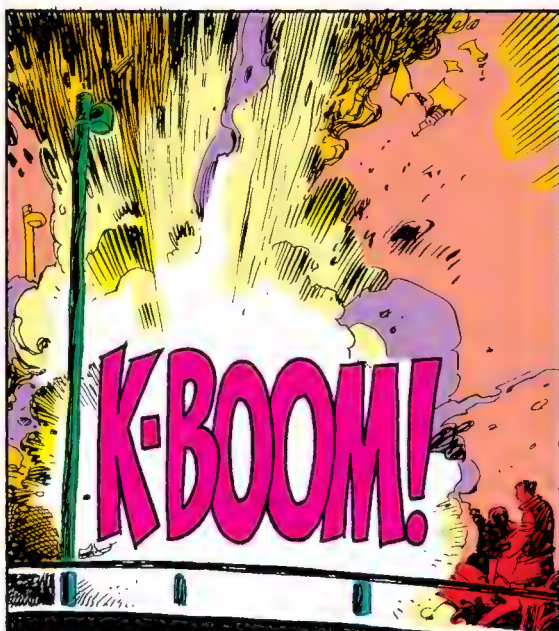




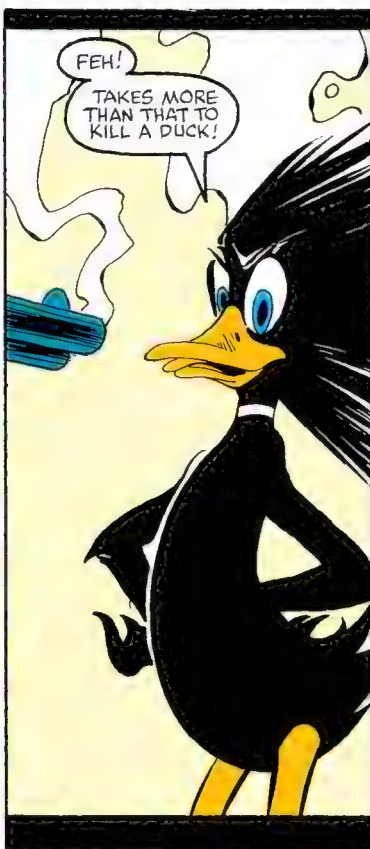




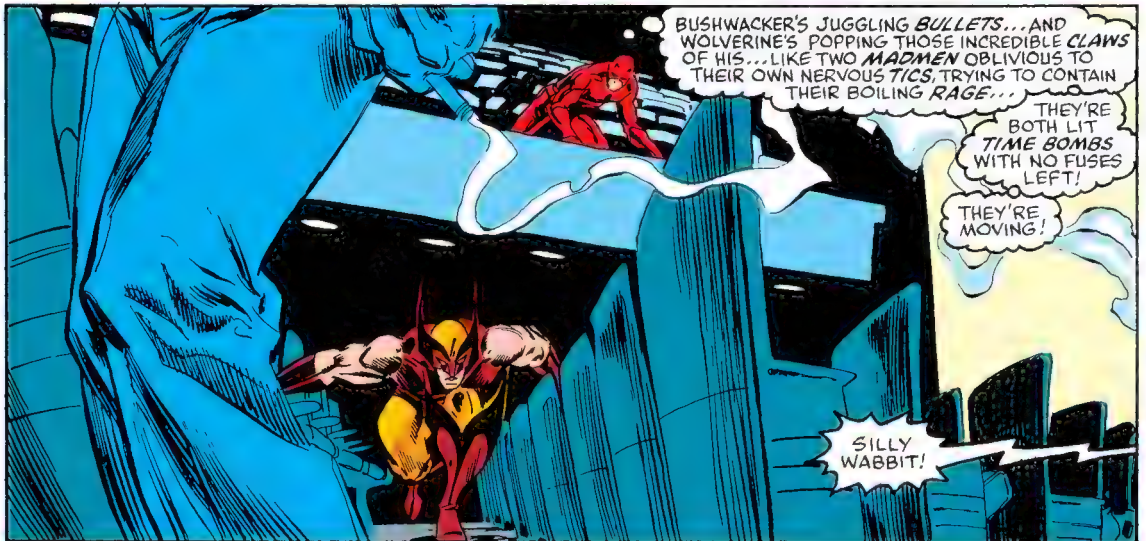
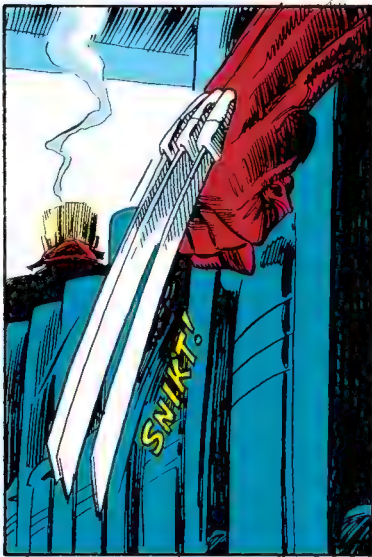












ROARED UP ON A BIKE, RAN  
IN HERE LAUGHIN'...  
LIKE HE'D JUST  
DONE SOMETHIN'  
WILD...

WOLVERINE! HE'S ONE OF  
THAT OUTCAST BAND OF  
MUTANTS, THE X-MEN!

WHY  
IS HE  
TRACKING  
MY MAN?!

MY RADAR SHOWS HE'S CREEPING  
UP ON BUSH-  
WACKER.

SULFUR FROM A GUN...  
AND HUMAN BLOOD ON BUSH-  
WACKER... THEATER'S EMPTY  
CEPT FOR A FEW DERELICTS.

CLINK  
CLINK

SNIKT!  
CLINK  
CLINK  
CLINK!

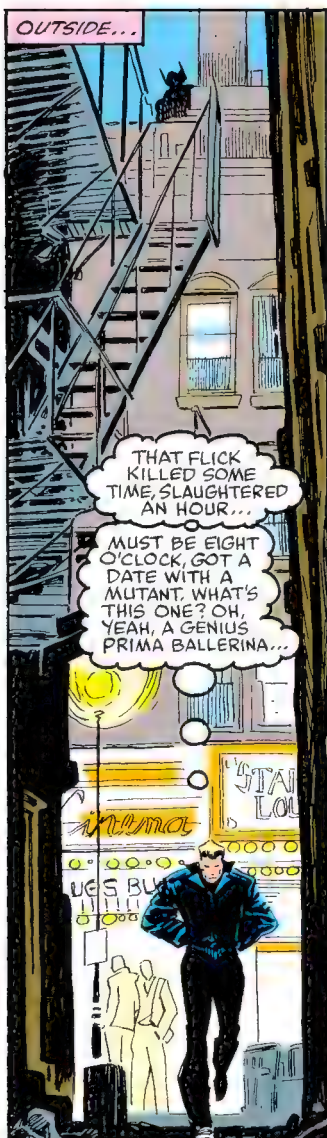
BUSHWACKER'S JUGGLING BULLETS... AND  
WOLVERINE'S POPPING THOSE INCREDIBLE CLAWS  
OF HIS... LIKE TWO MADMEN OBLIVIOUS TO  
THEIR OWN NERVOUS TICS, TRYING TO CONTAIN  
THEIR BOILING RAGE...

THEY'RE  
BOTH LIT  
TIME BOMBS  
WITH NO FUSES  
LEFT!

THEY'RE  
MOVING!

SILLY  
WABBIT!

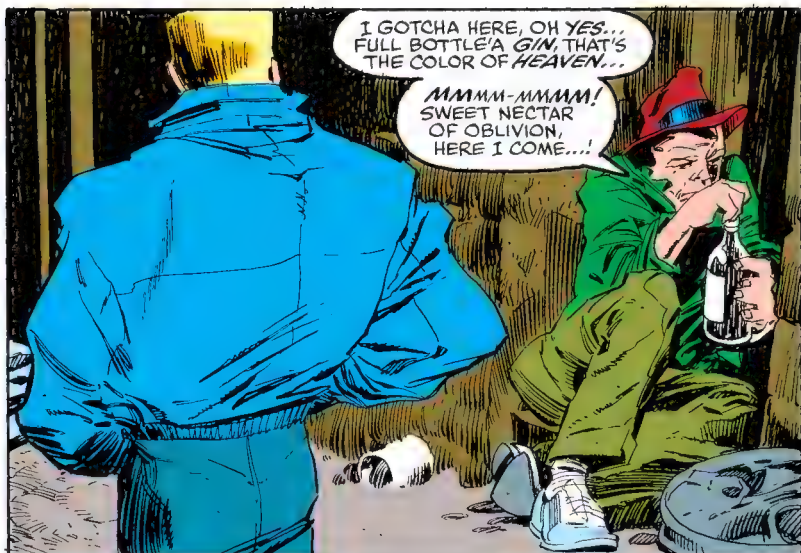




OUTSIDE...

THAT FLICK  
KILLED SOME  
TIME, SLAUGHTERED  
AN HOUR...

MUST BE EIGHT  
O'CLOCK, GOT A  
DATE WITH A  
MUTANT. WHAT'S  
THIS ONE? OH,  
YEAH, A GENIUS  
PRIMA BALLERINA...



I GOTCHA HERE, OH YES...  
FULL BOTTLE'A GIN, THAT'S  
THE COLOR OF HEAVEN...

MMMM-MMMM!  
SWEET NECTAR  
OF OBLIVION,  
HERE I COME...



CLICK!  
CHINK!



HEH HEH HEH

P-KSSH!

WHAT  
THE--  
NO!



WHERE...  
WHERE...

WHY!?!

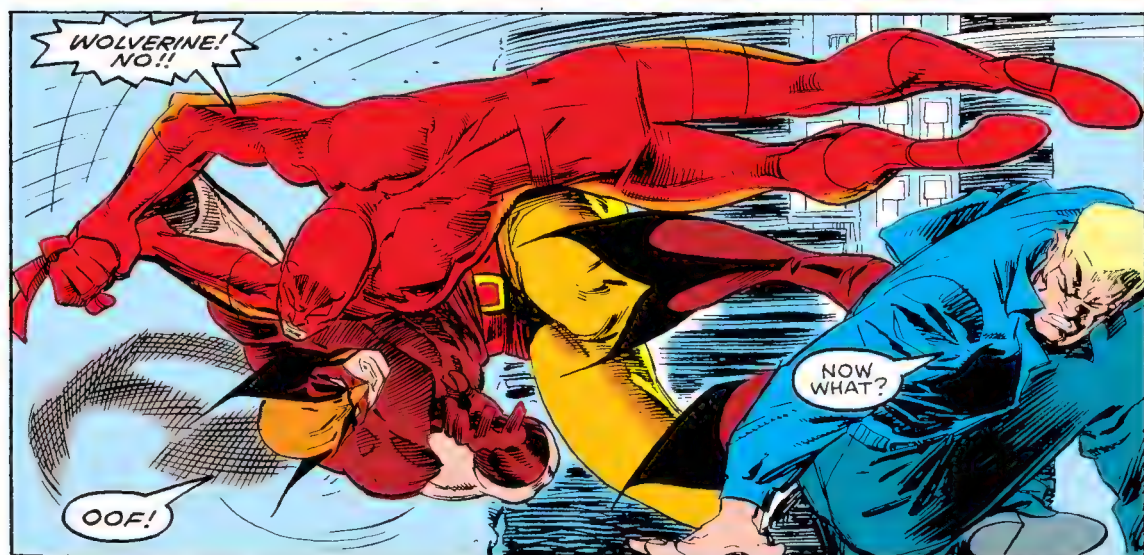
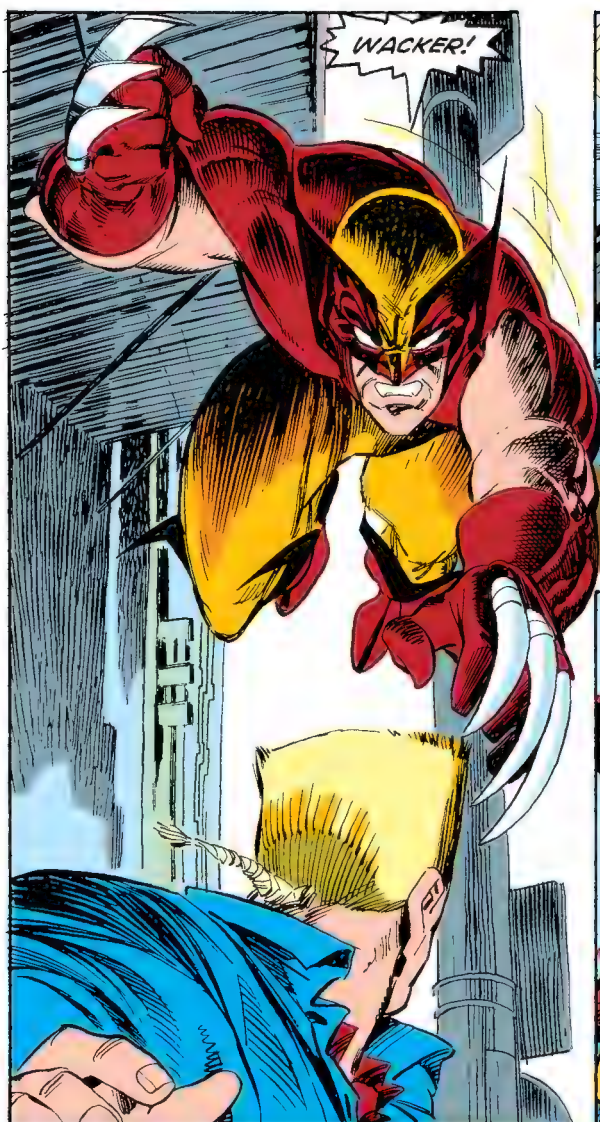


SITTIN' DUCK  
SEASON! HAHHAHA...  
YOU'LL BE SMELLIN'  
THAT SWEET GIN FOR  
WEEKS. GONE, BUT  
YOU CAN STILL  
SMELL IT...

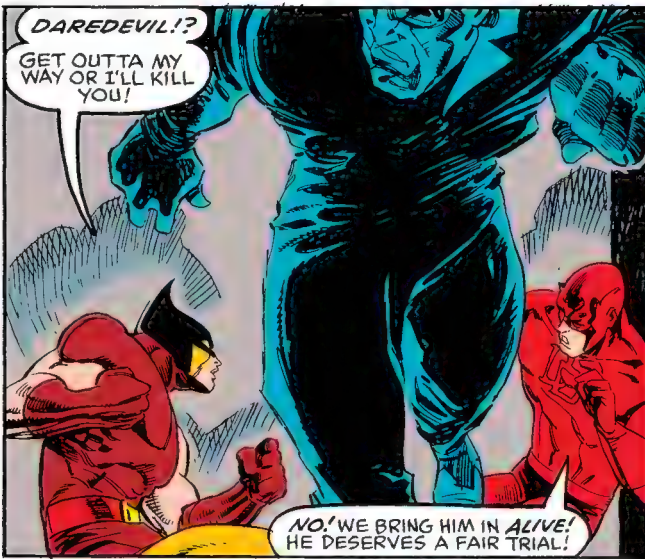
WHY,  
MAN,  
WHY?!

WHY? I DUNNO!  
HAHAHAH ENOUGH TO  
DRIVE YOU TO DRINK  
THOUGH, HUH? HAHHAH

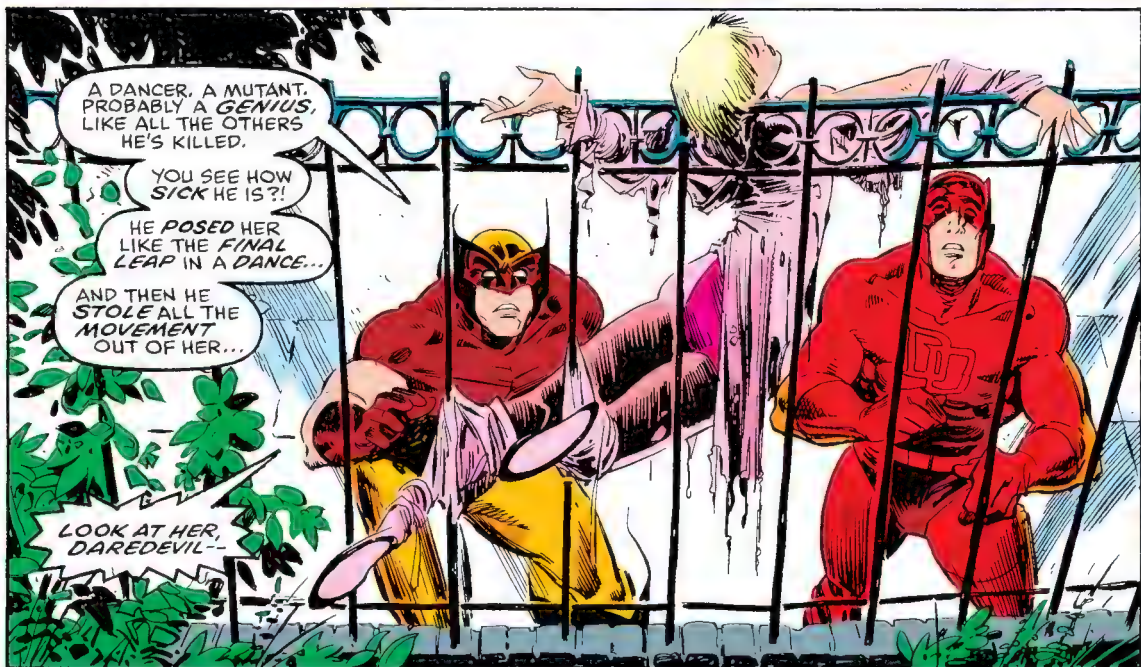
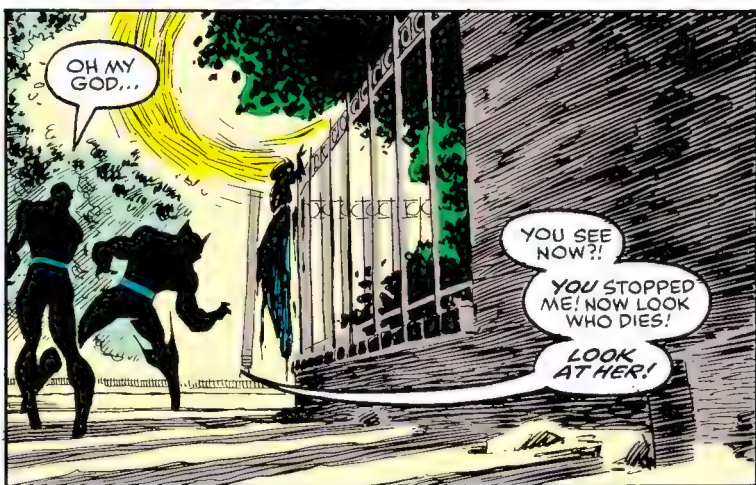




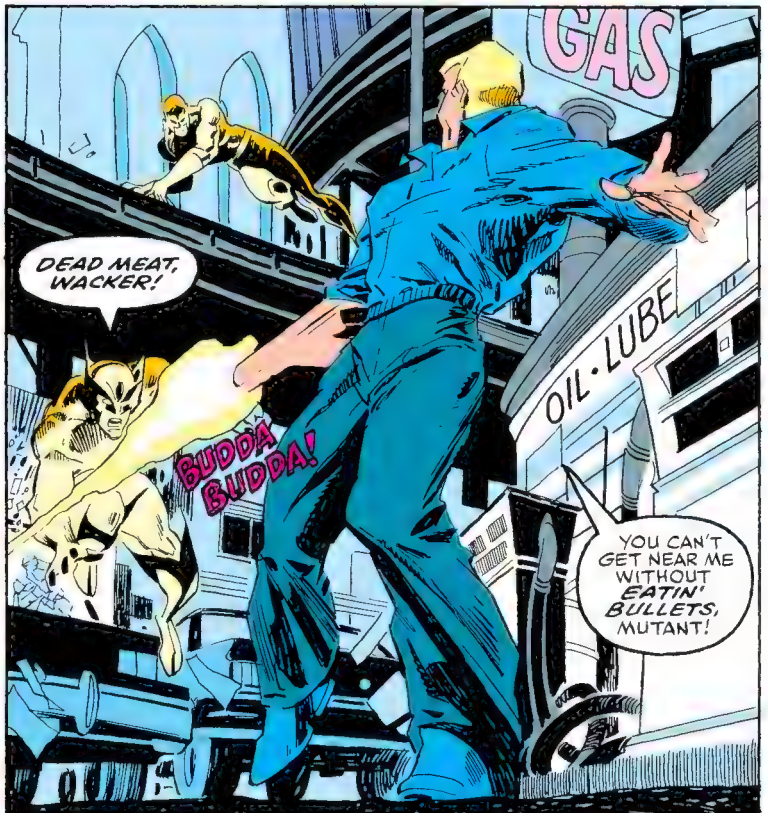
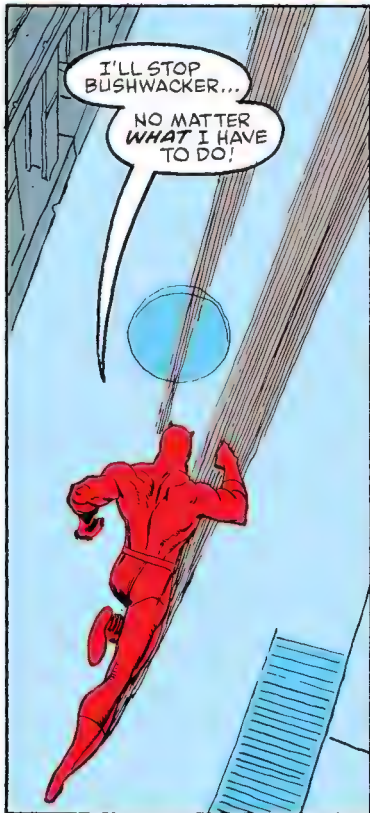
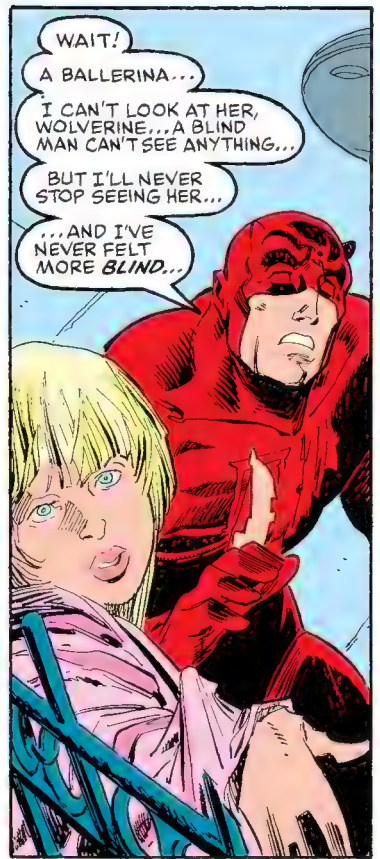
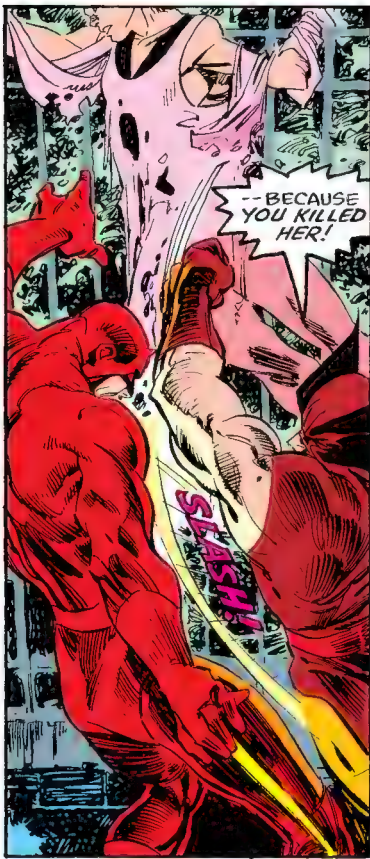




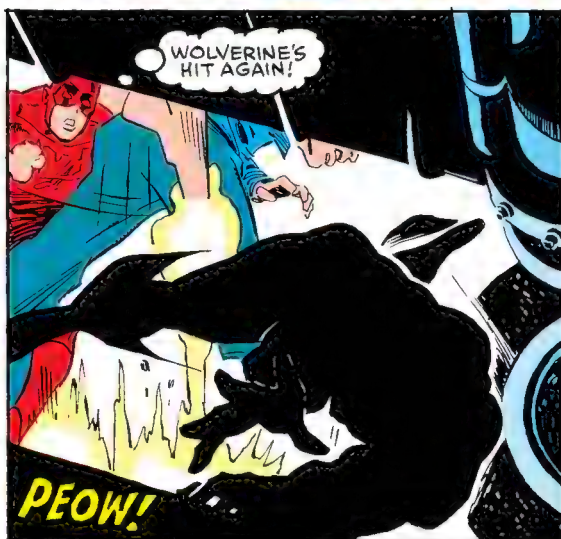
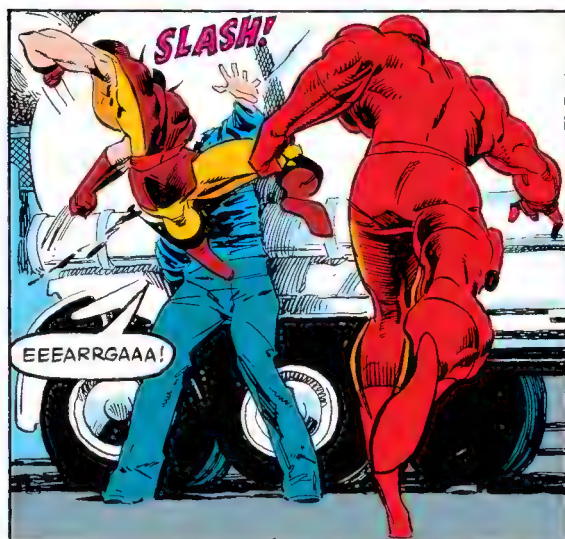
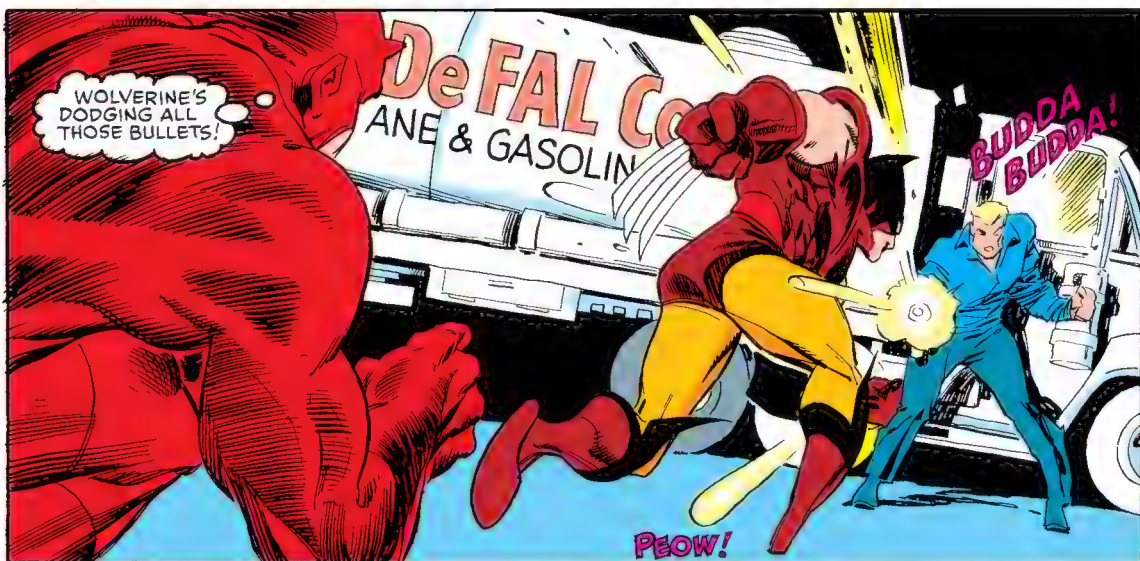




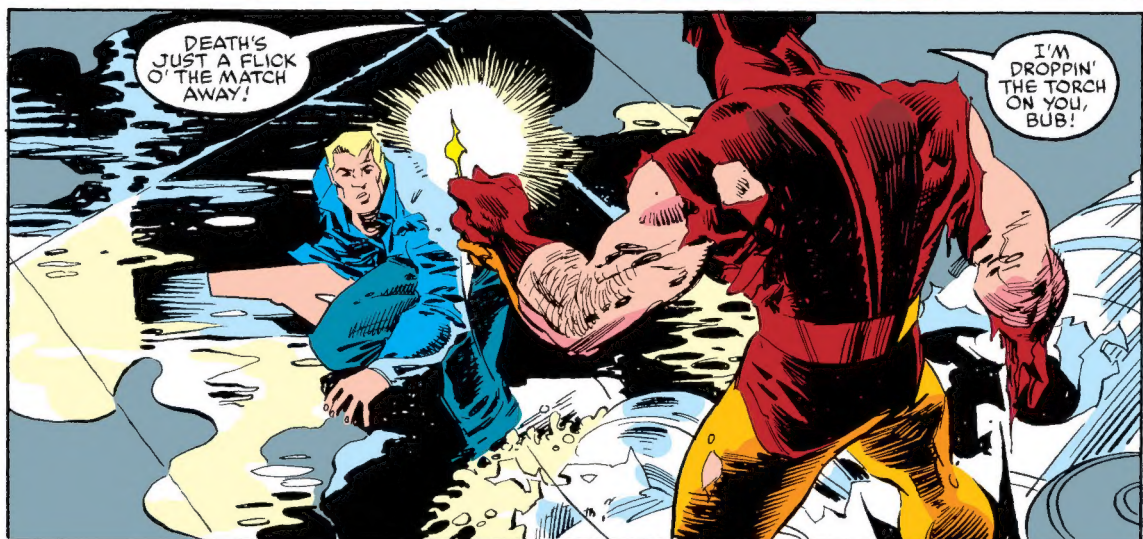
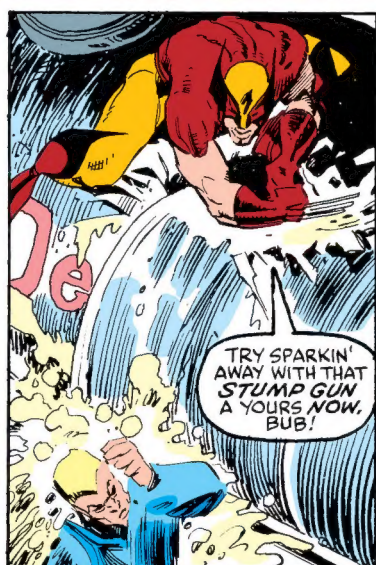
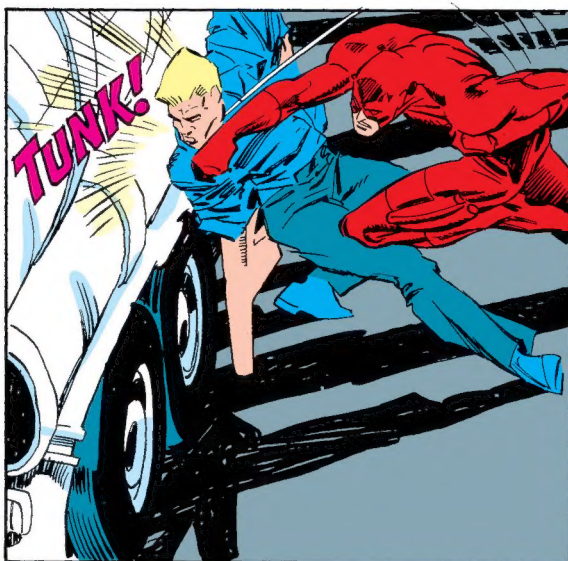






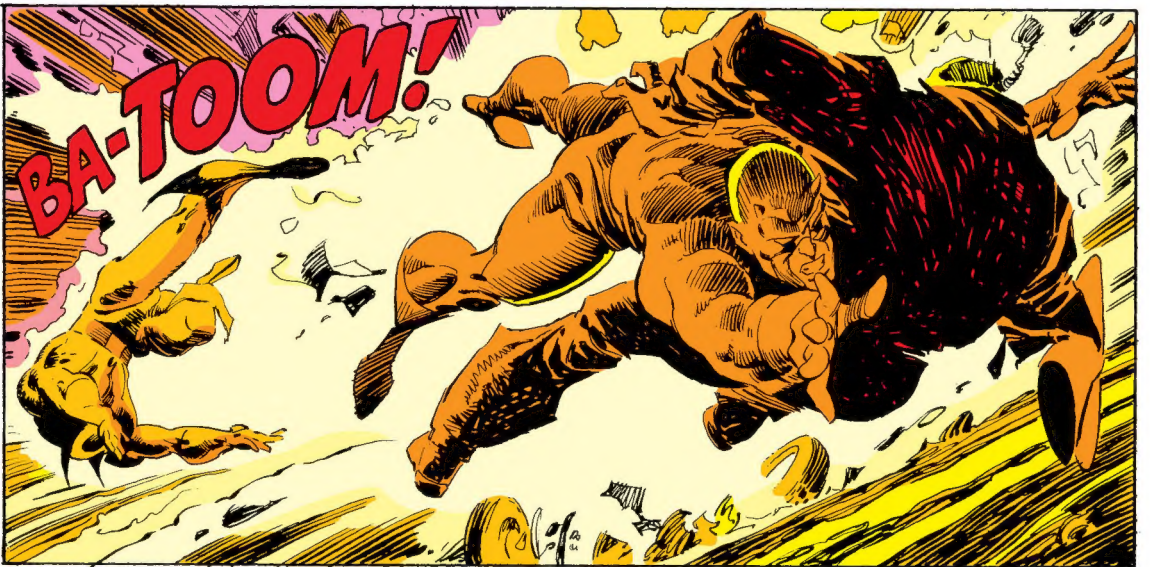
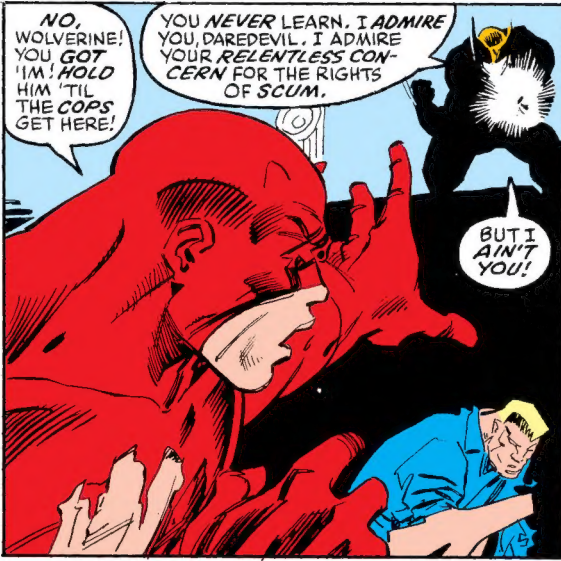




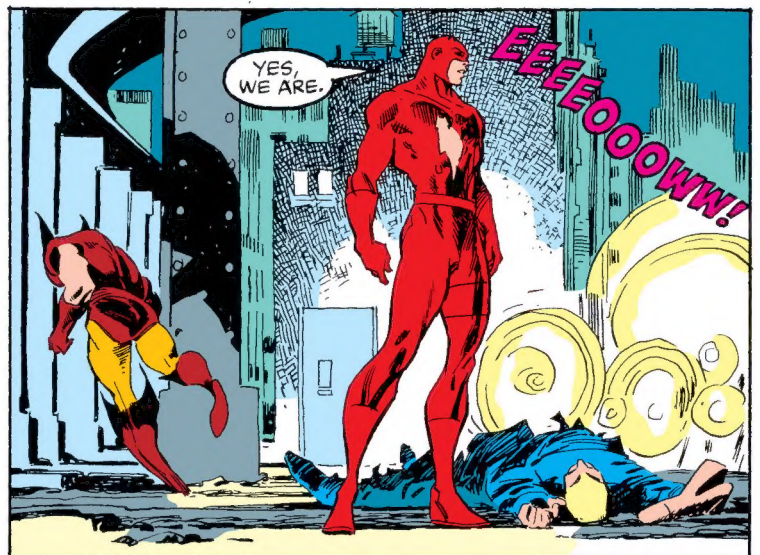
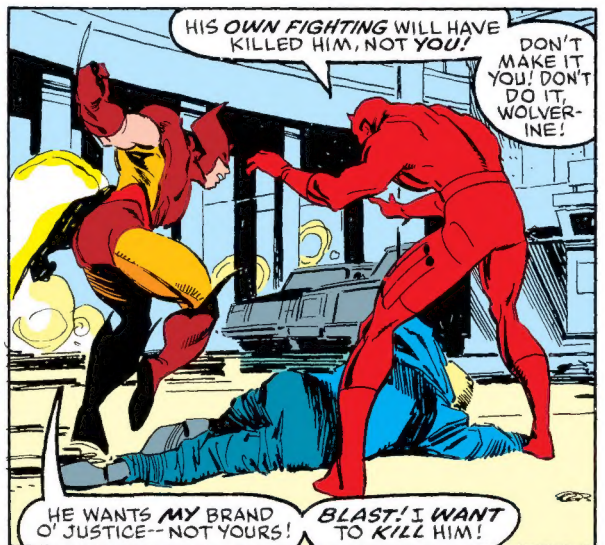
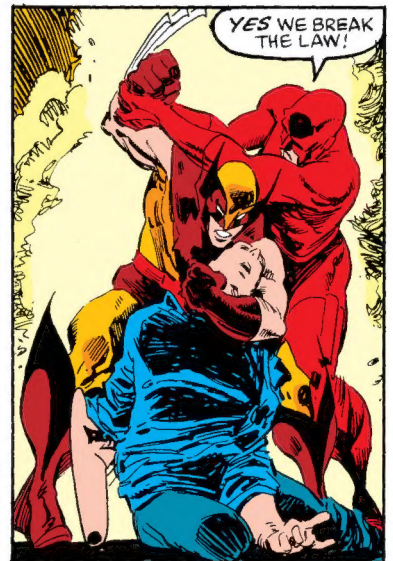
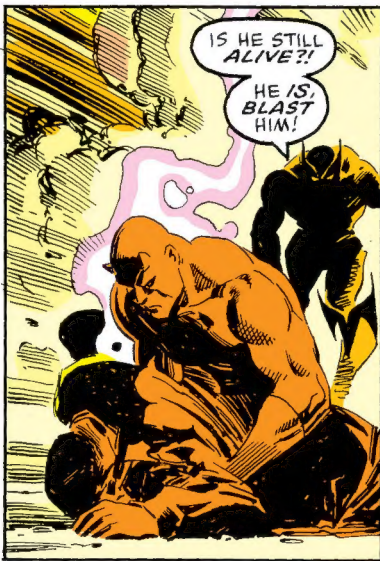


I'M DROPPIN' THE TORCH ON YOU, BUB!







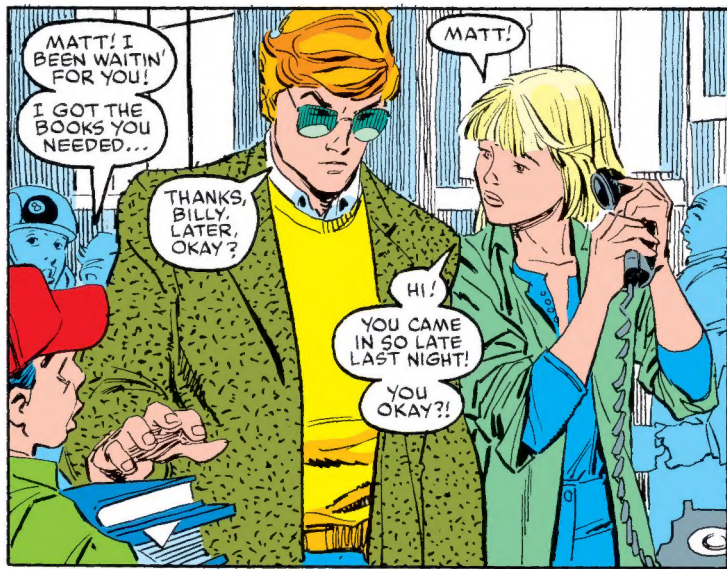






YOU SEE MATT GO IN?

YEAH, HE LOOKS LIKE DRECK!

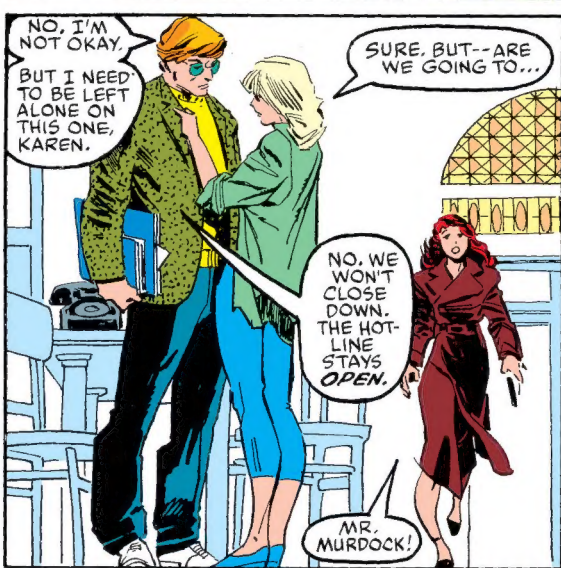


MATT! I BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU!  
I GOT THE BOOKS YOU NEEDED...

THANKS, BILLY, LATER, OKAY?

MATT!

HI!  
YOU CAME IN SO LATE LAST NIGHT!  
YOU OKAY?!

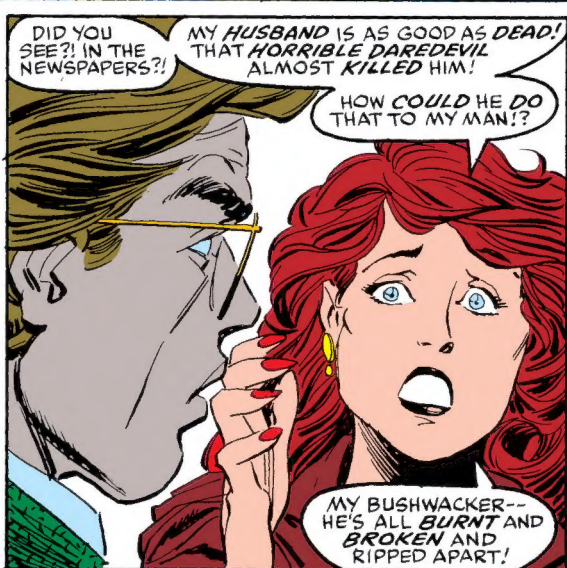


NO, I'M NOT OKAY, BUT I NEED TO BE LEFT ALONE ON THIS ONE, KAREN.

SURE, BUT--ARE WE GOING TO...

NO, WE WON'T CLOSE DOWN. THE HOT-LINE STAYS OPEN.

MR. MURDOCK!

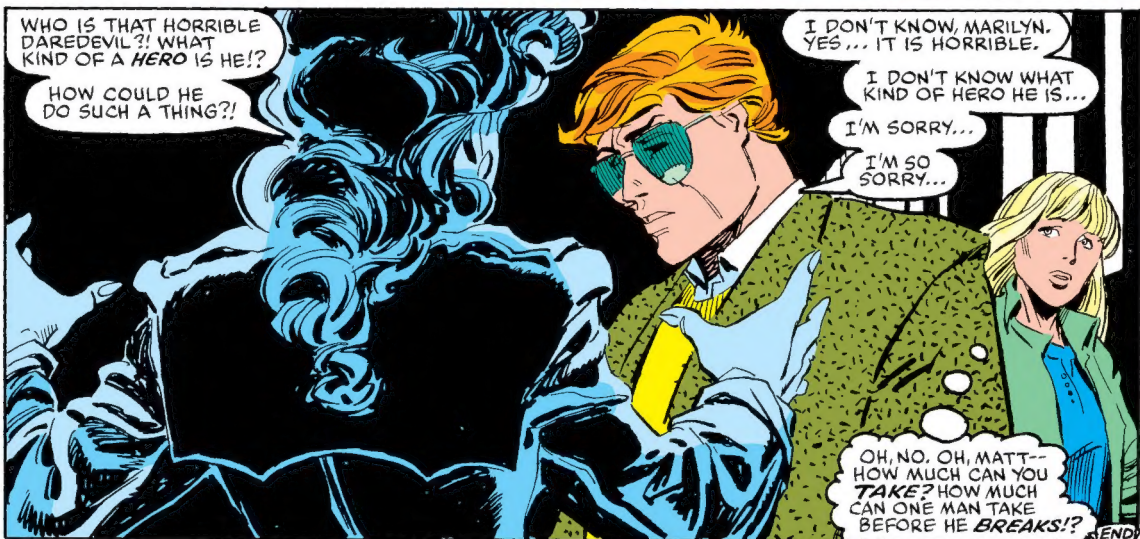


DID YOU SEE?! IN THE NEWSPAPERS?!

MY HUSBAND IS AS GOOD AS DEAD! THAT HORRIBLE DAREDEVIL ALMOST KILLED HIM!

HOW COULD HE DO THAT TO MY MAN?!

MY BUSHWACKER-- HE'S ALL BURN'T AND BROKEN AND RIPPED APART!



WHO IS THAT HORRIBLE DAREDEVIL?! WHAT KIND OF A HERO IS HE?!

HOW COULD HE DO SUCH A THING?!

I DON'T KNOW, MARILYN. YES... IT IS HORRIBLE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF HERO HE IS...

I'M SORRY...

I'M SO SORRY...

OH, NO. OH, MATT-- HOW MUCH CAN YOU TAKE? HOW MUCH CAN ONE MAN TAKE BEFORE HE BREAKS?!

END